

# Saturday Magazine.

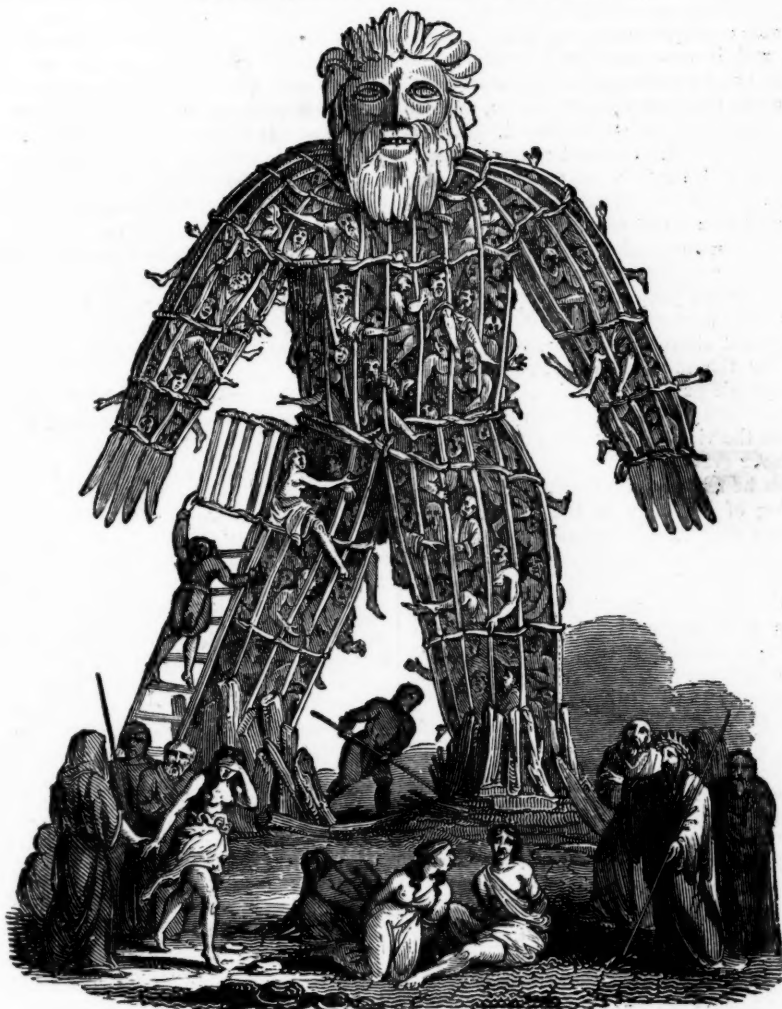
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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,  
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

## SUPERSTITIONS OF THE DRUIDS.



*Gigantic Druidical Idol, as described by Caesar.*

THE Druids, or Priests of the Ancient Britons, are said to have retained the belief of one supreme God, all-wise, all mighty, and all merciful, from whom all things which have life proceed; though they feigned that there were other gods beside Him in whom we live and move and have our being; Teutates, whom they called the father, and Taranis the thunderer, and Hesus the god of battles, and Andraste the goddess of victory: Hu the mighty, by whom it is believed that Noah, the second parent of the human race, was intended; Ceridwen, a goddess in whose rites the preservation of mankind in the ark was figured; and Beal or Belinus,—for the Phenicians had introduced the worship of their Baal.

By favour of these false gods, the Druids pretended to foretell future events, and as their servants and

favourites they demanded gifts and offerings from the deluded multitude. The better to secure this revenue, they made the people, at the beginning of winter, extinguish all their fires on one day, and kindle them again from the sacred fire of the Druids, which would make the house fortunate for the ensuing year; and if any man came who had not paid his yearly dues, they refused to give him a spark, neither durst any of his neighbours relieve him: nor might he himself procure fire by any other means, so that he and his family were deprived of it till he had discharged the uttermost of his debt. They erected also great stones, so cunningly fitted one upon another, that if the upper one were touched in a certain place, though only with a finger, it would rock; whereas no strength of man might avail to move it if applied to any other part:

hither they led those who were accused of any crime, and, under pretence that the gods would, by this form of trial, show the guilt or innocence of the party, directed him where to touch and make the proof: and thus, at their discretion, they either absolved the accused, or made them appear guilty.

The mistletoe, the seed whereof is eaten and voided by the birds, and thus conveyed from one tree to another, they affected to hold in veneration. When it was discovered growing upon an oak, upon which tree it is rarely to be found, the Druids went thither with great solemnity, and all things were made ready for sacrifice and for feasting. Two white bulls were fastened by their horns to the tree; the officiating priest ascended, and cut the mistletoe with a golden knife; others stood below to receive it in a white woollen cloth, and it was carefully preserved, that water wherein it had been steeped might be administered to men, as an antidote against poison, and to cattle, for the sake of making them fruitful. The sacrifice was then performed. The best and most beautiful of the flocks and herds were selected for this purpose. The victim was divided into three parts: one was consumed as a burnt offering; he who made the offering feasted upon another, with his friends; and the third was the portion of the Druids. In this wise did they delude the people. But they had worse rites than these and were guilty of greater abominations. They were notorious, above the priests of every other idolatry, for the practice of pretended magic. They made the people pass through fire, in honour of Beal; and they offered up the life of man in sacrifice, saying that when the victim was smitten with a sword, they could discover events which were to come, by the manner in which he fell, and the flowing of his blood, and the quivering of his body in the act of death. When a chief was afflicted with sickness, they sacrificed a human victim, because, they said, the continuance of his life might be purchased, if another life were offered up as its price; and in like manner, men were offered up when any calamity befel the people, and when they were about to engage in war. Naked women, stained with the dark blue dye of woad, assisted at these bloody rites. On greater occasions, a huge figure, in the rude likeness of man, was made of wicker-work, and filled with men: as many as were condemned to death for their offences were put into it; but if these did not suffice to fill the image, the innocent were thrust in, and they surrounded it with straw and wood, and set fire to it, and consumed it, with all whom it contained.

Their domestic institutions were not less pernicious than their idolatry. A wife was common to all the kinsmen of her husband, a custom which prevented all connubial love, and destroyed the natural affection between child and father; for every man had as many wives as he had kinsmen, and no man knew his child, nor did any child know its father. These were the abominations of our British fathers after the light of the Patriarchs was lost among them, and before they received the light of the gospel.

[Abridged from SOUTHEY.]

#### HOW TO FACE AN ENEMY.

THOMAS P——, at the age of eighteen, was, by the death of his master, left alone in the world to gain a livelihood as a shoemaker. He shouldered his kit, and went from house to house, making up the farmer's leather, or mending the children's shoes. At length a good old man, pleased with Tom's industry and steady habits, offered him a small building as a shop. Here Tom applied himself to work, with persevering industry and untiring ardour. Early in the morning he was

whistling over his work, and his hammer was often heard till the "noon of night." He thus obtained a good reputation, and some of this world's goods. He soon married a virtuous female, one whose kind disposition added new joys to his existence, and whose busy neatness rendered pleasant and comfortable their little tenement. Time passed smoothly on, they were blessed with the smiling pledges of their affection, and in a few years Tom was the possessor of a neat little cottage and a piece of land. This they improved; and it soon became the abode of plenty and joy.

But Tom began to relax in his conduct, and would occasionally walk down to an ale-house in the neighbourhood. This soon became a habit, and the habit imperceptibly grew upon him, until, to the grief of all who knew him, he became a constant loungee about the ale-house and skittle-ground, and going on from bad to worse, became an habitual drunkard. The inevitable consequences soon followed. He got into debt, and his creditors soon took possession of all he had. His poor wife used all the arts of persuasion to reclaim him; and she could not think of using him harshly; she loved him even in his degradation, for he had always been kind to her. Many an earnest petition did she prefer to Heaven for his reformation, and often did she endeavour to work upon his paternal feelings. Over and over again he promised to reform, and at last was as good as his word, for he was induced to stay from the ale-house for three days together.

His anxious wife began to cherish hope of returning happiness. But a sudden cloud one day for a moment damped her joy. "Betsey," said he, as he arose from his work, "give me that bottle." These words pierced her very heart, and seemed to sound the knell of all her cherished hopes; but she could not disobey him. He went out with his bottle, had it filled at the ale-house, and on returning home, placed it in the window immediately before him. "Now," said he, "I can face my enemy." With a resolution fixed upon overcoming his pernicious habits, he went earnestly to work, always having the bottle before him, but never again touched it. Again he began to thrive, and in a few years he was once more the owner of his former delightful residence.

His children grew up, and are now respectable members of society. Old age came upon Tom, and he always kept the bottle in the window, where he had first put it; and often, when his head was silvered over with age, he would refer to his bottle, and thank God that he had been able to overcome the vice of drunkenness. He never permitted it to be removed from that window while he lived; and there it remained until after he had been consigned to his narrow home.

#### ON THE CUSTOM OF PLANTING YEW TREES IN CHURCHYARDS.

[From FAULKNER'S *Histories of Fulham and Kensington*.]

THE original design of planting these trees in churchyards, has given rise to much antiquarian discussion. They are said to have been originally planted either to protect the church from storms, or to furnish the parishioners with bows. The statute of 35 Edw. I, which settles the property of trees in churchyards, recites, that they were often planted to defend the church from high winds, and the clergy were requested to cut them down for the repairs of the chancel of the church whenever required. Several ancient laws were enacted for the encouragement of archery, which regulate many particulars relative to bows, but it does not appear that any statute directed the cultivation of the yew. Although the scarcity of bow

staves is a frequent subject of complaint in our ancient laws, yet, instead of ordering the yew tree to be cultivated at home, foreign merchants were obliged, under heavy penalties, to import the material from abroad.

In the 12th of Edw. IV. it was enacted, that every merchant stranger should bring four bow staves for every ton of merchandise, imported from Venice or other places, from whence they had heretofore been procured. In the reign of Elizabeth, the complaint of the dearth and scarcity of bow staves was renewed, and the statute 6 Edw. IV was put in force.

From the above particulars it clearly appears, that we depended upon foreign wood for our bows, which would not have occurred if our churchyards could have furnished a sufficient quantity for the public service.

The truth is, that though our archers were the glory of the nation, and the terror of its enemies, yet the English yew was of inferior quality, and our brave countrymen were obliged to have recourse to foreign materials. This accounts for the silence of our ancient legislators with respect to the culture of the English yew, which appears never to have been an object of national concern.

Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Urn-burial," thinks it may admit of conjecture whether the planting of yews in churchyards, had not its origin from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of the resurrection, from its perpetual verdure.

The yew tree has been considered as an emblem of mourning from the earliest times. The Greeks adopted the idea from the Egyptians, the Romans from the Greeks, and the Britons from the Romans. From long habits of association, the yew acquired a sacred character, and therefore was considered as the best and most appropriate ornament of consecrated ground. The custom of placing them singly is equally ancient. Statius, in his *Thebaid*, calls it the *solitary* yew. And it was at one time, as common in the churchyards of Italy, as it is now in North and South Wales. In many villages of those two provinces, the yew tree and the church are coeval with each other.

#### LINES ON THE BIBLE,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Within this awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries;  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom their God has given grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way;  
And better had they ne'er been born  
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

#### THE MAMMOTH OF THE NORTH.

WHEN Captain Beechey returned to England after his voyage to the Pacific Ocean, he brought home a large quantity of the petrified or stone remains of elephants and other animals, which were found imbedded in the cliffs of frozen mud within Behring's Strait and in various parts of the Northern Seas. The most perfect specimens of these remarkable fossils as they are called, are preserved in the British Museum, and will amply repay the inspection of any one who takes an interest in such subjects.

That these remains formed parts of animals once living on this earth, would be just as reasonable to question, as it would be, on entering a butcher's shambles, to doubt whether the hide and hair and bones of an ox just killed, once belonged to a real animal. But on examining these bones, various dif-

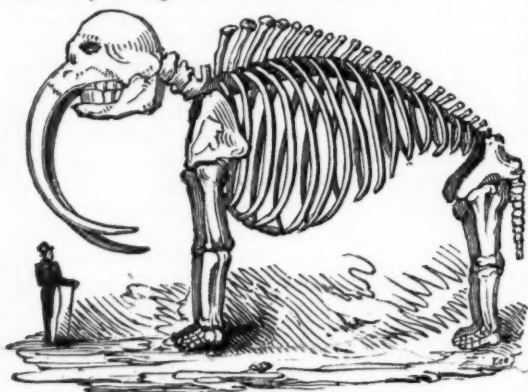
ficulties present themselves, requiring much patience and extensive knowledge satisfactorily to remove. There is one circumstance connected with them which has especially engaged the thoughts of the learned: the animals of which many of these bones were the remains, are never found in our days alive in those cold regions of the North, but are natives of the South or Tropical parts of the globe; and many, as in the case of the fossil elephant, belonged to a species not at present met with in any part of the known world. The Professor of Geology at Oxford, Dr. Buckland, was requested to examine the collection brought home by Captain Beechey, and to prepare a description of them. This he did, and the result is a most interesting work, published as an appendix to the Captain's celebrated narrative of his voyage.

Professor Buckland compares the accounts brought home by these voyagers (especially that of Mr. Collie, surgeon to the expedition) with the description of similar discoveries by other writers, and with the result of his own researches and observations. He thus endeavours to throw "some light upon the curious and perplexing question, as to what was the climate of this portion of the world at the time when it was inhabited by animals now so foreign to it as the elephant and rhinoceros; and as to the manner in which not only their teeth and tusks, and other portions of their skeletons, but, in some remarkable instances, the entire carcasses of these beasts, with their flesh and skin still perfect, became entombed in ice, or in frozen mud and gravel, over such extensive and distant regions of the north." It is stated by the celebrated naturalist, Pallas, that throughout the whole of northern Asia, from the river Don to the extreme point nearest America, there is scarcely any great river in whose banks they do not find the bones of elephants and other large animals, which cannot now endure the climate of that district; and that all the fossil ivory collected for sale throughout Siberia, is found in the lofty, steep, and sandy banks of the rivers of that country; and that the bones of large and small animals lie in some places piled together in great heaps; but in general they are scattered separately, as if they had been agitated by waters, and buried in mud and gravel.

The term "Mammoth" has been applied indiscriminately to all the largest species of fossil animals. It is a word from the Tartar language, and means simply "Animal of the Earth." It is now used only to signify the *fossil elephant*. Of all the remains that have ever been discovered, the most remarkable is the entire carcass of a Mammoth, not petrified, but merely frozen, with its flesh, skin, and hair, fresh and well preserved. How many thousand years it might have been so kept from corruption in its icy coffin, it is impossible to say. In the year 1803 it fell from a frozen cliff in Siberia, near the mouth of the river Lena. Nearly five years elapsed between the period when the carcass was first observed by a Tungusian in the thawing cliff, in 1799, and the moment when it became entirely loosened and fell down upon the strand between the shore and the base of the cliff. Here it lay two more years, till the greater part of the flesh was devoured by wolves and bears. The skeleton was then collected by Mr. Adams, and sent to Petersburg. Some idea may be formed of the size of this enormous animal, from the fact that the head, without the tusks, weighed four hundred and fourteen pounds; the tusks together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. Great part of the skin of the body was preserved, and was covered with reddish wool and black hairs; about thirty-six pounds weight of hair was collected from the sand, into which it had been trampled by the bears.



Dr. Buckland is said to be at present engaged on a most important work upon the evidence borne by the science of geology to the truth of revealed religion. For his fuller and more matured opinion on these animal remains of the northern world, we look forward with expectations of great pleasure and profit. The Christian has never any thing to fear from the discovery of truth; he should encourage its cultivation on all subjects. Half-knowledge, partial and hasty views upon difficult subjects, may often be made to perplex and distress the believer; the full truth will always bring him satisfaction and comfort.



*Skeleton of the Mammoth.*

Cuvier, whose opinions upon these subjects have been the most generally followed, concludes "that those animals, the bones and carcasses of which are found imbedded in the ice of the northern seas, once lived in that region in a climate totally different from its present intense cold; that some great change some time or other took place in the temperature, which destroyed the existing animals, or prevented them from continuing their species. This change must have been sudden; for if the cold had come on slowly and by degrees, the softer parts, by which the bones are found still covered, must have had time to decay, as we find in hotter climates. It would have been utterly impossible for an entire carcass like the vast monster discovered by Mr. Adams, to have preserved its hair and its flesh without corruption, had it not immediately been encased in the ice which preserved it to our times."

What was the nature and character of this sudden change—what means the Omnipotent and Eternal One employed to effect it—science probably never will be able to discover; but, like all other subjects above the range of man's mind to reach, a knowledge of it, we may rest assured, is not necessary either for our present or our future good.—J. E. T.

#### THE CONVULVULUS, OR BINDWEED.

THE plants of this beautiful race are sufficiently numerous to fill a volume with their description. Martyn described no less than 110 kinds, in 1807, since which time several species have been added, as the *Hortus Kewensis* then contained only 33 species, which are now increased to 49. Europe claims only fourteen species, three of which are natives of the British Islands, the remainder coming from the Indies and America.

The species most familiar to our gardens, are the Trailing, *Convolvulus Minor*, or *Tricolor*, and the *Convolvulus Major*, *Purpureus*. Both of these were known in our gardens as long back as the time of Charles I: Parkinson tells us, in 1629, that he received the seeds of the *Convolvulus Minor* "out of Spain and Portugal, from Guillaume Boel." He speaks

of this flower with delight, and tells us, "it is of a most excellent fair skie-coloured blew, so pleasant to behold that often it amazeth the spectator." It is now ascertained to be a native of Barbary, from whence it travelled first to Spain, and has since been scattered over the whole of Europe. It is now so common in Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, as to be considered one of their native weeds. It is called *Tricolor*, from the three colours of its beautiful leaves, which are yellow at the base, with rays of white that divide the yellow from the fine ultramarine blue of the edge: as the leaves expand to the sun, they form a most gracefully-shaped cup or chalice, like the end of a French horn, and, in the reversed state, resemble the elegant roofs of the Chinese pagodas. The convolvulus opens and closes its flower with folds similar to those of a parasol; they are never expanded at night, or in wet weather, in order that the inner parts may be guarded from damp air; on this account it is named by the French *Belle-de-Jour*, (Day Beauty.) This is not a climbing plant, but carries its branches in such a direction that a few seeds are enough to form a clump of sufficient size to give effect in the garden, from the month of June to the end of August; and as, during this season, the chief colours of flowers are reds and yellows, the fine blue of this is particularly desirable to form a contrast.

The seeds are generally sown in the spring, but it is desirable to sow some in the autumn also, as they will flower a month earlier than those sown in the other season, which prolongs the enjoyment of their flowers. The seed should not be covered with more than about half an inch of earth, and from three to five seeds are sufficient for each clump.

#### CONVOLVULUS MAJOR.—(*Purpureus*.)



*Convolvulus Major.*

THIS elegant climbing plant is a native Bindweed of America, from whence the seeds were first received in Italy, and from thence by us prior to 1629, as they are recorded amongst the flowers which embellished our gardens in that age. This is a delicate species, and requires the aid of a hotbed to bring the young plants forward, which may be planted out in warm situations about the end of May. It is usually employed to cover the trellis-work of arbours, porticoes, and verandas, for which it is well adapted, on account of its climbing and binding nature, whilst its graceful-shaped corollas display the most beautiful shades of violet, reddish purple, and lilac, which are sometimes delicately shaded, and at others striped, so as

to form a star; others are of a pure white, or slightly tinged with purple.

These plants will frequently climb to the height of ten or twelve feet; and when planted so as to receive the support of young trees, they have a more agreeable effect than when upheld by a stake. In Jamaica this species of *Convolvulus* climbs the highest trees, suspending its china-looking cups from the branches in a most delightful manner, sometimes dangling in the air, and at others forming graceful festoons.

It is from this twining nature of the plant that the name of *Convolvulus* has been bestowed on it; and perhaps we have not a native weed that displays a more beautiful flower than the Great Bindweed, which entwines itself amongst the shrubs of our hedgerows until it reaches the top, where it expands its flowers in a dress that challenges the spotless snow for purity, and would demand more general admiration were it less common.

However we may admire this species of Bindweed in hedgerows, we must be cautious to keep it out of shrubberies, in which, if it once enter, it cannot be easily destroyed, as the smallest piece of its rambling roots is sufficient to spread over a garden, where it frequently entwines its roots amongst those of roses or other shrubs, so as to make it exceedingly difficult to prevent its overpowering the plants which support it, and next to impossible to destroy it altogether. We are told that swine are excessively fond of this root, and we have frequently observed them grubbing for and devouring it with great eagerness; but as these animals are bad gardeners, we cannot avail ourselves of their assistance in the rooting out of the *Convolvulus Sepium*, without incurring a greater evil.

THE SMALL BINDWEED.—(*Convolvulus Arvensis*.)



*Convolvulus Arvensis*.

THIS plant, although more humble in its growth, is more formidable to the husbandman than the Great Bindweed, which principally confines itself to the hedgerow, whereas the *Arvensis*, or field Bindweed, travels over the whole field, entwining itself around the stalks of corn for support, or upholding itself by the blades of grass, or whatever comes in its way, not even refusing to embrace the nettle for the sake of a prop to display its beauties on, which are but little inferior, in point of colouring, to the beautiful cups of the *Convolvulus Major*, whilst it possesses an agreeable fragrance which the other cannot boast of.

Nature has endowed this native flower of our fields with the means of protecting its seed parts from the night air by the folds in the cup, which open with the rising sun, and close as the day decreases, or at the approach of rain. The nectary of this little flower also displays the wise provision which Nature has made to secure this sweet juice, so essential to the formation of the seed. The stigma is supported on arches over the bottom of the cup, leaving only such small openings between the piers that form the arches as to bid defiance to the plunder of the bee or insects of any considerable size: yet it seems to support an animal peculiar to this plant, for we seldom look into the blossom of this field *Convolvulus* without seeing several minute insects busily employed in this cavern of sweets. This species of Bindweed has a perennial

root, of a white milky substance, which penetrates in a serpentine direction so deeply into the earth, and is so firm in its hold, as to render it next to impossible to destroy it: for every atom of it left in the ground, at whatever depth, will reach the surface as a perfect plant. In trenching of lands we have frequently seen it at the depth of three feet, being the pest of the garden and arable lands where it abounds. Miller says it is generally a sign of gravel lying under the surface; and he adds that, from the depth it penetrates into the ground, it is by some country people named Devil's-guts. It also bears the name of Corn-bind, Withbind, Bindweed, Barebind, and Hedge-bells.

Jalap is obtained from the *Convolvulus Jalapa* of South America, which takes its name from Xalapa, a province lying between Mexico and La Vera Cruz.

This race of plants also affords the inhabitants of tropical climates a valuable species of food, as it is the *Convolvulus Batatas* which produces the tuberous roots called Batatas, or Spanish potatoes.—PHILLIPS'S *Flora Historica*.

THE TRUMPETER BIRD.



THIS bird is a native of South America. Its length is about twenty-two inches, and its legs are five inches high, and completely covered with small scales, which reach two inches above the knee. Its general plumage is black, and the feathers of the head and neck are very short and downy; those of the fore part of the neck, and upper part of the breast, of a very glossy gilded green, with a reflection of blue in some lights. The feathers between the shoulders are rust-coloured, changing into a pale ash colour as they pass downwards. They are loose and silky. Those of the shoulders are long, and hang over the tail, which is very short, and consists of twelve blackish feathers. The legs are greenish, and the bill is yellowish green, having the nostrils open.

The most characteristic and remarkable property of these birds consists in the wonderful noise which they often make, either of their own accord, or when urged by their keepers. To induce them to this, it is sometimes necessary to entice the bird with a bit of bread to come near, and then making the same kind of sound, which the keepers can well imitate, the bird will frequently be disposed to repeat it. This strange noise, which somewhat resembles the moan of pigeons, is at times preceded by a savage cry, interrupted by a sound approaching that of *sherch*,

*sherch*. In this way the bird utters five, six, or seven times, very quickly, a hollow noise from within its body, nearly as if one pronounced *tou, tou, tou, tou, tou, tou*, with the mouth shut, resting upon the last *tou* a very long time, and terminating by sinking gradually with the same note.

When tamed, the Trumpeter distinguishes its master and benefactor with marks of affection. "Having," (says Vosmaër) "reared one myself, I had an opportunity of experiencing this. When I opened its cage in the morning, the kind animal hopped round me, expanding its wings, and trumpeting, as if to wish me good morning. He showed equal attention when I went out and returned. No sooner did he perceive me at a distance, than he ran to meet me; and even when I happened to be in a boat, and set my foot on shore, he welcomed me with the same compliments, which he reserved for me alone, and never bestowed upon others."

The Trumpeter is easily tamed, and always becomes attached to its benefactor. When bred up in the house, it loads its master with caresses, and follows his motions; and if it conceives a dislike to persons on account of their forbidding figure, or of some injury received, it will pursue them sometimes to a considerable distance, biting their legs, and showing every mark of displeasure. It obeys the voice of its master, and even answers the call of others to whom it bears no ill-will. It is fond of caresses, and offers its head and neck to be stroked; and if once accustomed to these familiarities, it becomes troublesome, and will not be satisfied without continual fondling. It makes its appearance as often as its master sits down to table, and begins with driving out the dogs and cats from the room; for it is so obstinate and bold, that it never yields, but oftentimes, after a tough battle, will put a middle-sized dog to flight. It avoids the bites of its antagonist by rising in the air; and retaliates with violent blows of its bill and claws, aimed chiefly at the eyes. After it gains the superiority, it pursues the victory with the utmost rancour, and if not taken off, will destroy its antagonist. By its intercourse with man, its instincts become moulded like those of a dog; and we are assured it can be trained to attend a flock of sheep. It even shows a degree of jealousy of its human rivals; for when at table, it bites fiercely the naked legs of the negroes and other domestics who approach its master.

Almost all these birds have also a habit of following people through the streets, and out of town, even those whom they have never seen before. It is difficult to get rid of them. If a person enters a house, they will wait his return, and again join him, though after an interval of three hours. "I have sometimes," (says M. de la Borde) "betaken myself to my heels; but they ran faster, and always got before me; and when I stopped, they stopped also. I know one that invariably follows all the strangers who enter its master's house, accompanies them into the garden, takes as many turns there as they do, and attends them back again."

In a state of nature the Trumpeter inhabits the barren mountains and upland forests of South America, never visiting the cleared grounds nor the settlements. It associates in numerous flocks. It walks and runs, rather than flies, since it never rises more than a few feet from the ground, and then only to reach some short distance, or to gain some low branch. It feeds on wild fruits; and when surprised in its haunts, makes its escape by the swiftness of its feet, at the same time uttering a shrill cry, not unlike that of a turkey.—BINGLEY'S *Animal Biography*.

## BALL-PLAY OF THE INDIANS.

WE set out for the scene of this famous Indian game; and, after wandering about for some time, we found the spot in the bosom of the forest, at the distance of a mile or two from the road. It consisted of an open space about 200 yards in length by 20 yards wide, from which the trees had been cleared away, though the grass was left untouched, nor was the surface even levelled. At each end of this area two green boughs were thrust into the ground, six feet apart from each other, as a sort of wicket. The object of the game, it afterwards appeared, was to drive the ball between these boughs; and whichever party succeeded in accomplishing this, counted one.

By one o'clock the surrounding space was thickly speckled over with Creek women, accompanied by numerous squads of copper-coloured little Creeks; but still the real parties in the contest were nowhere to be seen.

From time to time, indeed, we had sufficient indications of their being somewhere in the neighbourhood, from the loud shrieks or yells raised by a great number of voices in chorus, which issued from the forest, but not a soul was yet visible. We walked in the direction of these cries, and came up to forty or fifty naked savages lying flat on the grass; further on, we came to various parties at their toilet. Some of these dandies of the woods were employed in painting one eye black, the other yellow. Several youths, thrusting long black feathers into their turbans, or cloths which they had wound round their heads. Others were fitting their naked bodies with tails, to resemble tigers and lions, having already daubed and streaked themselves all over from head to foot with a variety of colours, intended to set off the coppery tinge of their own red skins—anxious that art might co-operate as far as possible with nature, in making them look as much like wild beasts as possible.

At last, a far louder cry than we had yet heard burst from the woods in the opposite direction. Upon looking up, we saw the Indians of the other party advancing to the ball play-ground in a most tumultuous manner, shrieking, yelling, hallooing, brandishing their sticks, performing somersets, and exhibiting all conceivable antics. At this stage of the game, I was forcibly reminded of the pictures in Cook's Voyages, where multitudes of the South Sea Islanders are represented as rushing forward to attack the boats.

There were fifty of the inhabitants of one village pitted against fifty of another; and the players, being selected from the strongest, nimblest, and most spirited of the whole tribe, the party offered some of the finest specimens of the human form I ever beheld.

The first party, on rushing out of the woods in the manner I have described, danced in the same noisy and tumultuous fashion, round the two green boughs at their end of the ground. After this first explosion, they advanced more leisurely to the middle of the cleared space, where they squatted down in a thick cluster till their adversaries made their appearance. The same ceremonies were observed by the second party, after which they settled down likewise on the grass in a body. The two groups remained eyeing one another for a long time, occasionally uttering yells of defiance.

At a signal from one of the chiefs, the two parties suddenly sprang to their feet, and stood brandishing their sticks over their heads. Every player held one of these implements in each hand. They were formed of light, tough wood, I think willow, about two feet long, and as thick as my thumb. At the end farthest from the hand, the sticks were split and formed into



an oval, three inches long by two wide, across which opening, or loop, were stretched two thongs made of hide. By means of these bats, the ball was struck to a great distance whenever any of the players succeeded in hitting it fairly. This, however, was not very often the case, for reasons which will be stated immediately. Generally speaking, the ball was grasped or held between the ends of the two sticks, and carried along over the head by the fortunate player who had got hold of it. The ball was pretty much like that used in Tennis-courts, only not so hard, being formed out of raw hide stuffed with deer's hair.

After the parties had stood for some minutes in silence, in two rows facing one another, they stepped forward till they came within the distance of a few feet. Upon some word of command being given by one of the chiefs, every one laid down his sticks before him on the ground. A deputation of the chiefs highest in rank now proceeded to examine and count the parties, in order to make sure of their being an equal number on both sides. All these ceremonies, and various others which I forget, being ended, an old man stood forward and made a speech, or talk, as it is called, which, being interpreted to us, appeared to be formed of injunctions to the combatants to observe fair play, and to do honour to their country upon this important occasion. As soon as he ceased, the Indians scattered themselves over the ground, according to some rules not unlike those of cricket, by which the players might intercept the ball, and send it back again in the right direction. I observed that each of the goals, or wickets, formed by the two boughs at the ends, was guarded by a couple of the most expert players, whose duty it was to prevent the ball passing through the opening—the especial object of the opposite party.

When these long ceremonials and preparations were over, one of the chiefs, having advanced to the centre of the area, cast the ball high in the air. As it fell, between twenty and thirty of the players rushed forward, and, leaping several feet off the ground, try to strike it. The multiplicity of blows, acting in different directions, had the effect of bringing the ball to the ground, where a fine scramble took place, and a glorious clatter of sticks mingled with the cries of the savages. At length an Indian, more expert than the others, contrived to nip the ball between the ends of his two sticks, and having managed to fork it out, ran off with it like a deer, with his arms raised over his head, pursued by the whole party engaged in the first struggle. The fortunate youth was, of course, intercepted in his progress twenty different times by his antagonists, who shot like hawks across his flight from all parts of the field, to knock the prize out of his grasp, or to trip him up—in short, by any means to prevent his throwing it through the opening between the boughs at the end of the playground. Whenever this grand purpose of the game was accomplished, the successful party announced their right to count one by a fierce yell of triumph, which seemed to pierce the very depths of the wilderness. It was sometimes highly amusing to see the way in which the Indian who had got hold of the ball contrived to elude his pursuers. It is not to be supposed he was always allowed to proceed straight to the goal, or wicket, or even to get near it; but, on the contrary, he was obliged, in most cases, to make a circuit of many hundred yards amongst the trees, with thirty or forty swift-footed fellows stretching after or athwart him, with their fantastic tigers' tails streaming behind them; and he, in like manner, at full speed, holding his sticks as high over his head as possible, sometimes ducking to avoid a blow, or

leaping to escape a trip, sometimes doubling like a hare, and sometimes tumbling at full length, or breaking his shins on a fallen tree, but seldom losing hold of his treasure without a severe struggle. It really seemed as if the possessor of the ball upon these occasions had a dozen pair of eyes, and was gifted for the time with double speed; for, in general, he had not only to evade the attacks of those who were close to him, but to avoid being cut off, as it is called in seamen's language, by the others farther ahead. These parts of the game were exciting in the highest degree, and it almost made the spectators breathless to look at them.

Sometimes the ball, when thrown up in the first instance by the chief, was reached and struck by one of the party before it fell to the ground. On these occasions, it was driven far amongst the pine-trees, quite out of sight to our eyes, but not to those of the Indians, who darted towards the spot, and drove it back again. In general, however, they contrived to catch the ball before it fell, and either to drive it back, or to grasp it and run along, as I have described, towards the end of the ground. Sometimes they were too eager to make much noise; but whenever a successful blow was made, the people on the winning side uttered a short yell, so harsh and wild, that it made my blood run cold every time I heard it, from being associated with tortures, human sacrifices, scalplings, and all the horrors of Indian warfare.

The way of reckoning was most primitive. Two of the oldest and most trustworthy of the chiefs were seated on one side, each with ten small sticks in his hand, one of which was thrust into the ground every time the ball happened to be driven through the wicket. Twenty was game; but I observed these learned sages never counted higher than ten, so that when it became necessary to mark eleven, the whole ten sticks were pulled out, and one of them replaced.

Sometimes the ball fell amongst the groups of lookers-on, the women and children of the different Indian villages. It did not signify a straw, however, who was in their way; all respect of persons, age, and sex was disregarded, in the furious rush of the players, whose whole faculties seemed fixed on the game alone.

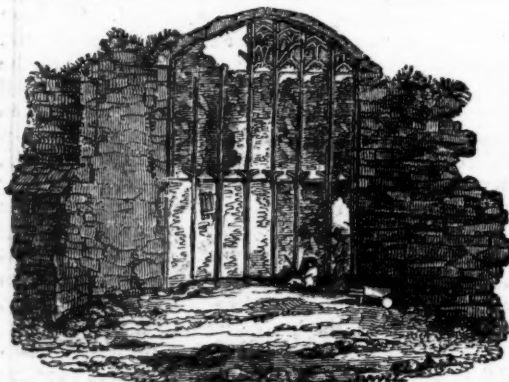
A person had previously taught me the art of avoiding the mischief of these whirlwind rushes of the Indians; and it was fortunate for me that he did so. I was standing on one side of the ground, admiring a grand chase, which was going on at some considerable distance, when one of the players, who was watching his opportunity, intercepted the fugitive, and struck the ball out of the other's grasp, though he was bounding along with it at a prodigious rate. The ball pitched within a yard or two of the spot where I was standing. In the next instant a dozen or twenty Indians whizzed past me, as if they had been shot out of cannons. I sprang to the nearest tree, as I had been instructed, and putting my hands and legs round, embraced it with all my might. A poor boy, however, close to me, had not time to imitate my example, and being overwhelmed by the multitude, was rolled over and over half a dozen times, in spite of his screams, which were lost in the clatter of sticks, and the yells and shouts of the combatants, who by this time had become animated by the exercise, and were letting out the secret of their savage nature very fast.

It frequently occurred to me, when looking at this animated game, that it might be introduced with great effect at the public schools in England, and I hope my description may suffice for the purpose of explaining the details. There is no reason, indeed, why the young men of Eton or Harrow should paint one

eye green and the other yellow, or daub their legs or arms with lamp black. Neither is there any thing essential in having a tiger's tail behind, or that their dress should be reduced to the small compass considered fashionable by these worthy Indians. Nor, I think, need they consider it right to scarify their limbs with a comb made of fishes' teeth, or to dance all the preceding night round a blazing wood fire in the open air; still less to get drunk on whisky after the game is over—indispensable conditions amongst the Creek Indians in the forests of Alabama.

[Abridged from CAPTAIN HALL.]

### RUINS OF THE SAVOY PALACE.



THE annexed sketch is that of a Gothic window of the ancient palace of the Savoy, in the Strand, as it appeared at the time it was pulled down, about the year 1816, to form an opening for the new street, now called Wellington Street, leading to Waterloo Bridge. The sketch is from the pencil of Mr. T. W. Kelly, author of "Myrtle Leaves," and other poems, and was taken a short time before the demolition of the structure. The drawing represents the north face, —the most remarkable part of the building—as it is that in which John, King of France, is said to have been confined, when a prisoner in this country.

That monarch was defeated and taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince at the memorable battle of Poitiers, in 1356. He fought with desperate valour; but spent with fatigue, and seeing that all was lost, he determined to yield himself prisoner, and frequently cried out that he was willing to deliver himself to his cousin, the Prince of Wales. The honour of taking him, however, was reserved for an ignoble hand—that of Dennis de Morbec, a Frenchman, who had fled his country for murder. The prince conducted his royal prisoner through London, attended by an immense concourse of people. His modesty on this occasion was remarkable. The French king was dressed in royal apparel, and mounted on a beautiful white charger, while Edward rode by his side, on an ordinary little horse, and plainly attired.

The unhappy monarch was liberated on an agreement for a ransom; but finding himself unable to pay it, in the then distracted state of his kingdom, he returned to prison, declaring that, "though good faith should be banished from the rest of the earth, yet she ought still to retain her habitation in the breast of kings." He lived in the palace of the Savoy till his death, which happened in 1384.

This remain stood almost immediately behind the present office of the *Globe* evening newspaper, and until the row of houses of which that office is one was built, no doubt faced the Strand. The brick-work which appears between the mullions of the window,

was the remains of some old tenements existing before the erection of the palace.

This beautiful fragment belongs to the *Decorated English Style* of Architecture; which is distinguished by large and wide windows, divided by mullions, and of which, among other varieties of Old English Architecture, we gave a description and specimen in our first number.

### WHAT IS TIME?

BY THE REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

I ask'd an aged man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;  
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh tell  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"  
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,  
"Time sow'd the seed, we reap in this abode!"  
I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the tide  
Of life had left his veins—"Time!" he replied;  
"I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!"—and he died.  
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and years;  
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"  
And bade us for Eternity prepare.  
I ask'd the Seasons, in their annual round  
Which beautify or desolate the ground;  
And they replied, (no oracle more wise)  
"Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"  
I ask'd a spirit lost, but oh, the shriek  
That pierc'd my soul! I shudder while I speak!  
It cried, "a particle! a speck! a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite!"  
Of things inanimate, my dial I  
Consulted, and it made me this reply—  
"Time is the season fair of living well,  
The path of glory, or the path of hell."  
I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,  
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled;  
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set."  
I ask'd old Father Time himself at last;  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past:—  
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.  
I ask'd the mighty angel, who shall stand  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;  
"By Heaven," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;  
"Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more!"

HENRY III of England used to say, that he would rather converse one hour with God in prayer, than hear others speak of him for ten.—ECHARD.

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